The Widow by The Mars Volta

Then I'll hide

Fill in the gaps

He's got fasting black lungs		Cause I'll never
Made of clove splintered shardes		Never sleep alone
They're the kind that will talk		Oh lord
Through a (1)	_ of coughs	Said I'm bloodshot for sure
And I (2) him every night		Pale runs the ghost
In (3) pore		Swollen on the shore
And (4) time he (5)	makes me warm	Every night
Freeze without an answer		in every pore
Free from all the shame		The scales (9) do slither
Must I hide?		Deliver me from
Cause I'll never		Freeze without an answer
Never sleep alone		Free from all the shame
Look at how they (6)	to him	Then I'll hide
From an isle of open sores		Cause I'll never
He knows that the taste is such		Never sleep alone
Such to die for		Freeze without an answer
And I hear him every night		Free from all the shame
On every street		Let me die
The scales that do slither		Cause I'll never
Deliver me from		Never sleep alone
Freeze (7) an answer		
Free (8) all the shame		



1. wheezing

- 2. hear
- 3. every
- 4. every
- 5. just
- 6. flock
- 7. without
- 8. from
- 9. that

Fill in the gaps